



more friends were peremptory in their request for a new station, and the Committee of Directors were but too ready to accept their decision as the bidding of Providence. So to the twenty-five batteries already planted within the walls of Paris, a twenty-sixth is to be added; and we fondly hope that its guns will soon make many a breach in the enemies' entrenchments. The situation finally found for it, after a most unusual series of refusals and rebuffs, is within a stone's throw of the Porte St. Denis, in the very heart therefore of commercial Paris; while its proximity to the line of the grand boulevards should ensure a constant stream of promenaders and novelty seekers. The hall, which is seated for upwards of 300, will be open every night; and there is besides accommodation for prayer-meetings, after-meetings, or any other more special and private gathering.

Another addition since the beginning of the year to the list of meetings, is that held every fortnight at Melun, the capital of the department of Seine et Marne, about an hour's railway journey from Paris on the P. L. M. line. This station was opened in response to the earnest request of the stationmaster's wife, who had learned to love the Gospel at our meetings in Clermont-Ferrand, and felt the want of them in her new home; and the zealous pastor of Fontainebleau, in whose extensive parish Melun is included, not only expressed his thorough satisfaction at the proposal, but even generously offered us, rent free, the use of his little Oratoire. The meetings were opened by M. Réveillaud and the editor of the *Quarterly*, and have continued ever since to be as largely attended as the capacities of the meeting-place allow.

New stations have also been opened, or are on the eve of opening, at St. Etienne, Toulouse, and Bordeaux, and one of the Marseilles halls, which has become too small, is about to be exchanged for a larger. From Toulouse the news is particularly encouraging; M. Chaigne writing that during a recent visit of M. Vernier many extra meetings were held, and that those in the afternoon were even better attended than those in the evening, much emotion being manifested by the audience, and many professing to find Christ. Of Bordeaux, also, M. le Pasteur Seitte of Montluçon, writes that during a recent visit he found everywhere profound attention, hearty singing, and a most cordial understanding between speakers and

hearers. Of Cognac, also, where Monsieur Dürrlemann pursues unostentatiously one of the most successful evangelistic campaigns of the whole Mission, we have received lately most encouraging testimony from M. L. J. Bertrand, agent of the Mission Intérieure, in every respect a most competent witness. Finding himself in the course of a *tournée de conférences* in the neighbourhood of Cognac, M. Bertrand took occasion to hold two extra meetings in our mission hall, which were largely attended by a most appreciative audience. M. Bertrand was particularly struck, when at the close of the second meeting, he invited his hearers to join him in prayer, reminding them that after what they had heard, such an act would mean, Lord, cleanse *me!* and almost the whole assembly rose solemnly and slowly to its feet, as though deliberately accepting each for himself the meaning which the speaker sought to put into his prayer. The next day, in the course of some visits made in company with M. Dürrlemann and the pastor of the district, he heard that a Catholic family (converted at the meeting) had gathered together the previous evening twenty-two others, also Catholics by birth, to read the Gospel and pray for the success of the M<sup>c</sup>All meetings and M. Bertrand's conférences.

From Dijon, also, we hear that the three efforts so disinterestedly put forth by Pastor Arnal—children's meeting, adult meeting, and soldiers' reading-room—are all prosperous. Clerical opposition has somewhat lessened the attendance at the first of these, but an average of forty each week of the first three months of the year is very encouraging, when, as at Dijon, hardly any variety in the way of speakers can be offered.

At Rochefort, towards the end of January, several of the *habitués* of the *salle*, who owed to the teaching of M. Gayat their spiritual, and in many cases their temporal comfort also, availed themselves of the opening of a new hall for presenting their pastor with a *pupitre* covered with flowers, as a token of their gratitude and love. At Boulogne-sur-Mer, the loss we sustained by the return of Colonel Hunter Campbell to London has been largely made up to us by Monsieur Merlin, who has consented to act as treasurer for that branch of our Mission. M. Merlin also defrays all the expenses of the new hall at Boulogne, opened last autumn after the visit of the *Annie*.

In Paris also, a new proof has been given of the interest and affection with which our work is regarded, by the spon-

taneous organisation of a concert, whose proceeds, amounting to 2000 francs (£80), were handed over in full to our treasurer.

Such facts as these on the one side; on the other, *Le Petit Journal*, the newspaper most widely circulated in France, one day openly blaming, and even ridiculing, the anti-religious manifestations of the Paris Town Council; and, a few days after, devoting a leading article to the life and historical significance of Gaspard de Coligny, the murdered admiral of France. Can we but echo the words of the editor of the *Petit Journal*, "If things continue as they are going, a reaction is inevitable."

The Editor regrets that the delay in the publication of the Large Report of the Mission, for which he was in no sense responsible, has unavoidably reacted upon even the April number of the *Quarterly*. He trusts that nothing will prevent the timely appearance of the July and October numbers.

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#### Miss Elizabeth R. Beach.

There are few readers of the *Quarterly* who have not heard of Miss Beach, whose sudden death we announced at page 107 of our January number. Her devoted friend, Dr. L. T. Chamberlain, has undertaken to write a short biography of her, which we shall duly bring before our readers' notice. But in the meantime, for the satisfaction of those who know of her only as the founder of the American Ladies' Associations in aid of the M<sup>c</sup>All Mission, and who would like to be able to set better before them the living personality of one so loved by all who came near her, the following meagre sketch is provided.

Elizabeth Beach was born in 1842, among the hills of Massachusetts, and for many years devoted herself to aiding her father, the Rev. Nathanael Beach, in his pastoral work, and to teaching. As a teacher she was remarkably successful, having, in addition to an extensive and accurate knowledge, a peculiarly winning, and, at the same time, authoritative method of communicating it, while literally no one seemed to come near her without being immediately captivated. In 1878 she came to Paris to learn French, and among other interesting anecdotes which have come to light, is one relating the efforts she made to win over to Christ her French teacher, an

able man but irreligious. He had bidden her write out and submit to him for the Monday lesson an account of whatever she might have seen or heard since they last met, and she seized the opportunity of making him listen to Divine things by giving him every week a résumé of the sermon she had heard in M. Bersier's church the previous Sunday. Her teacher was interested in spite of himself, and conversation followed, in which certainly the instruction was not all on one side; but our friend never was rewarded by hearing a frank declaration of faith; and when the Rev. W. W. Newell, some years after, sought out the man at her request, he found he had left Paris and could not be traced.

Very soon after her arrival in Paris, Miss Beach, acting on the advice of the Rev. E. Hitchcock, D.D., offered her services to Mr. M<sup>c</sup>All, and at once showed a great aptitude for the work, the young girls of Les Ternes, Faubourg St. Antoine, and Grenelle especially profiting by her labours, so that when she returned to America in the end of 1879, she had already gained that exact knowledge of the needs and opportunities of France which she was speedily to turn to such unexpected profit. When Dr. Chamberlain became aware of her remarkable gifts, his first proposal to her was that she should return to Paris as a paid agent of the Mission; but as the season of the year or other circumstances prevented the immediate execution of the project, she was induced with great difficulty to address a meeting of ladies on the work in France. Her success was immediate and convincing, and so began that extraordinary series of appeals on behalf of the M<sup>c</sup>All Mission, which resulted in the foundation of auxiliary societies or the preparation for the formation of such in at least a dozen of the chief cities of the States. The effort was too much for her health, and she suddenly broke down. Then followed a weary time of suffering: for nearly four years hope and fear alternated; sea voyages, change of climate, surgical treatment, everything was tried, but with no result; till, at last, Dr. F. W. Page, of Jamaica Plain, Boston, undertook her case. "We had been so encouraged," writes her cousin, Mr. A. D. F. Hamlin, "by several months of steady improvement in her health, to hope for a return to strength and comfort, that this sudden calamity overwhelms us. She was to have sailed last Thursday week for Florida, *viâ* Savannah. Dr. Chamberlain



had made very complete arrangements, but judged a week's delay advisable, and had a final and most delightful interview with her last week. She was bright, cheerful, hopeful, and looked forward with great courage to the voyage. A very skilful and devoted nurse, Mrs. Gibson, was to go with her. Last Thursday, they set sail in the *City of Columbus*, a splendid steamship, with a careful, experienced captain. Ten or twelve hours later, in the clear moonlight, in an open channel, by a pilot's blunder or carelessness, with a very heavy sea running, and a gale blowing, they ran upon the 'Devil's Bridge' rocks, and in full sight of New Bedford and Wood's Hall, they foundered. The boats in the tremendous sea were swamped as fast as launched. The panic-stricken crew made no effort to save the women, who were swept away as fast as they reached the deck; and one hundred souls went into eternity in twenty minutes. Our dear Miss Beach and her nurse perished, we believe, with only very brief anguish of body. At this date (20th January), a body, among a few recovered, is reported found, of a woman of forty, very emaciated, who was evidently washed from her berth at once into the ocean. This is probably the form of her we loved. She is at rest now, and free from suffering; but how many hearts in how many different places are left mourning for the loss of a friend, a counsellor, a comforter, a helper! . . . How cheerful, how buoyant she always was! No queen was ever mourned more widely, nor by people in more widely-separated ranks of life than Miss Beach will be! From châteaux and splendid mansions, from parsonages and from back alleys in the slums of Paris, the sigh will arise because there is one less loving, sympathising heart on earth. But her very illness has brought forth fruit: her very dependence on others which she so mourned has made these others more deeply interested in her work, and 'being dead, she yet speaketh.'"

If my own visit to America last year had done nothing but give me an opportunity of once more seeing and talking to Miss Beach, I should not have felt it wasted time, so strong was the love she aroused in all her fellow-workers. A martyr to the M<sup>c</sup>All Mission she was in every sense of the word; and if in George Dodds, Scotland sacrificed for France one of her ministers' sons, America can claim like honour for one of the noblest of her ministers' daughters.

C. E. G.

List of Meetings.

[The following list of the Meetings actually held at this moment in Paris and the neighbourhood, will doubtless interest many of our readers.—ED.] :—

MISSION POPULAIRE ÉVANGÉLIQUE DE FRANCE.

President—Rev. R. W. McALL.

April, 1884.

ADULT MEETINGS.

PARIS.

	WEEK-DAY.	SUNDAY.
404 Rue Saint-Honoré près la Madeleine (Salle Philadelphie) . . . . .	Every evening, . . . . . 8.15	4.30
37 Rue de Rivoli au coin de la rue de la Tacherie (Salle New York) . . . . .	Every evening, . . . . . 8	3 and 8
8 Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle (Salle Baltimore) . . . . .	Every evening, . . . . . 8 Wednesday, . . . . . 1	8
56 Boulevard Barbès (Ancien Ornano) . . . . .	Monday, . . . . . 8 Friday, . . . . . 8	8.15
142 Rue du Faubourg Saint-Antoine . . . . .	Wednesday, . . . . . 8	8
64 Rue Julien-Lacroix . . . . .	Tuesday, . . . . . 8	8
3 Rue des Dames (Batignolles) . . . . .	Tuesday, . . . . . 8	8
11 Avenue des Ternes . . . . .	Tuesday, . . . . . 8 Friday, . . . . . 8.15	8.15
86 Rue Monge (Quartier Latin) . . . . .	Friday, . . . . . 8.15 Thursday, . . . . . 8.15	8.15
90 Rue d'Allemagne (La Villette) . . . . .	Wednesday (German), . . . . . 8.15	8.15
123 Boulevard Voltaire . . . . .	Friday, . . . . . 8.15	8.15
90 Boulevard de Ménilmontant . . . . .	Thursday, . . . . . 8	5
11 Avenue d'Orléans (Montrouge) . . . . .	Wednesday, . . . . . 8	5
59 Rue Letellier (Grenelle) . . . . .	Thursday, . . . . . 8	8.15
65 Rue Lauriston (près l'Etoile) . . . . .	Thursday, . . . . . 8	8
74 Boulevard de Bercy . . . . .	Wednesday, . . . . . 8.15	8.15
42 Rue Jouffroy . . . . .	Wednesday, . . . . . 8	8
12 Rue Nationale (Gare d'Ivry) . . . . .	Thursday, . . . . . 8.15	8.15
17 Rue de la Comète (Gros Caillou) . . . . .	Friday, . . . . . 8	8
330 Rue de Vaugirard . . . . .	Monday, . . . . . 8 Thursday, . . . . . 8	...
36 Rue Vandamme (Plaisance) . . . . .	Tuesday, . . . . . 8 Friday, . . . . . 8	...
95 Grande-Rue de La Chapelle . . . . .	Wednesday, . . . . . 8 Saturday, . . . . . 8	...
153 Avenue Ledru-Rollin (Popincourt) . . . . .	Thursday, . . . . . 8	...
2 Rue Berthe (Montmartre) . . . . .	Wednesday, . . . . . 8	...
77 Rue Charlot (Quartier du Temple) . . . . .	.....	8
121 Rue de Meaux (La Villette) . . . . .	Tuesday, . . . . . 8	...

## BANLIEUE.

	WEEK-DAY.	SUNDAY.
104 Rue de la Paroisse (Versailles) . . . . .	Tuesday, 8	...
5 Rue Saulnier (Puteaux) . . . . .	Friday, 8	8.15
218 bis, Rue de Paris (Montreuil-sous-Bois) . . . . .	Thursday, 8.15	8.15
30 Route de Flandre (Pantin) . . . . .	Saturday, 8	...
70 Rue d'Aguesseau (Boulogne-sur-Seine)	Monday, 8	...
118 Rue Véron (Alfortville) . . . . .	Tuesday, 8	...
12 Rue du Chemin-de-Fer (Nanterre) . . . . .	Wednesday, 8	} 8 (every fortnight)
15 Rue Notre Dame (Melun) . . . . .	Friday, 8	
Cresprières et Ste-Gemme. . . . .	Thursday, 8	...

## CHILDREN'S MEETINGS.

## PARIS.

3 Rue des Dames . . . . .	Tuesday, 5	4
17 Rue de la Comète (Gros-Caillou) . . . . .	Tuesday, 5	3
95 Grande-Rue de La Chapelle . . . . .	Wednesday, 5	...
90 Rue d'Allemagne . . . . .	Wednesday, 5	3
142 Rue du Faubourg-Saint-Antoine . . . . .	Wednesday, 5.30	5.15
59 Rue Letellier (Grenelle) . . . . .	Thursday, 10 A.M.	5
65 Rue Lauriston (près l'Etoile) . . . . .	Thursday, 3	9 A.M.
74 Boulevard de Bercy . . . . .	Saturday, 6	3
64 Rue Julien Lacroix . . . . .	Thursday, 2	3
56 Boulevard Barbès (Montmartre) . . . . .	Thursday, 3.30	3
11 Avenue des Ternes . . . . .	Thursday, 1	3
90 Boulevard de Ménilmontant . . . . .	Thursday, 4	3
12 Rue Nationale (Gare d'Ivry) . . . . .	Thursday, 5	3
123 Boulevard Voltaire . . . . .	Thursday, 3	3
153 Avenue Ledru-Rollin . . . . .	Thursday, 2	10 A.M.
42 Rue Jouffroy . . . . .	Thursday, 10 A.M.	4
36 Rue Vandamme (Plaisance) . . . . .	Thursday, 4	4
37 Rue de Rivoli . . . . .	Thursday, 4	4
330 Rue de Vaugirard . . . . .	Monday, 5	...
86 Rue Monge (Quartier Latin) . . . . .	Wednesday, 5	...
2 Rue Berthe . . . . .	Thursday, 3	...
11 Avenue d'Orléans (Montrouge) . . . . .	Saturday, 5	...

## BANLIEUE.

218 bis, Rue de Paris (Montreuil-sous-Bois) . . . . .	Thursday, 6	10 A.M.
118 Rue Veron (Alfortville) . . . . .	Thursday, 2	2
104 Rue de la Paroisse (Versailles) . . . . .	Thursday, 12.45	...
12 Rue du Chemin-de-Fer (Nanterre) . . . . .	Wednesday, 5.30	...
70 Rue d'Aguesseau (Boulogne-sur-Seine)	Thursday, 10.30	...
30 Route de Flandre (Pantin) . . . . .	Thursday, 3.30	...
Ste-Gemme (Seine-et-Oise) . . . . .	Thursday, 3	...



RÉUNIONS POUR LES JEUNES FILLES.—*Saint-Honoré*, Dimanche à 1 h.; *Monge*, Dimanche à 1 h. 1/2; *Les Ternes*, Dimanche à 2 h.; *Rivoli*, Dimanche à 2 h. (tous les quinze jours); *Batignolles*, Lundi à 8 h. 3/4.

CLASSES BIBLIQUES.—*Rue Monge*, Mercredi à 8 h.; *Rue des Dames*, Dimanche à 8 h.; *Rue Lauriston*, Jeudi à 4 h. 1/2; *Grenelle*, Jeudi à 8 h. 1/2; *Puteaux*, Vendredi à 9 h.; *Faubourg Saint-Antoine*, Vendredi à 8 h.

OUVROIRS.—*Rue Vandamme*, Lundi de 2 h. à 4 h.; *Rue des Dames*, Lundi à 2 h.; *Montrouge*, Lundi à 1 h.; *Faubourg Saint-Antoine*, Mardi de 1 h. 1/2 à 4 h.; *Ménilmontant*, Mardi à 2 h.; *Rue Lauriston*, Mardi à 2 h.; *Grenelle*, Mardi à 2 h.; *Rue d'Allemagne*, Mercredi à 2 h.; *Gare d'Ivry*, Mercredi de 1 h. à 4 h.; *Boulogne*, Jeudi de 1 h. à 3 h.; *Boulevard Barbès*, Vendredi à 1 h. 1/2.

COURS D'ANGLAIS.—*Rue des Dames*, Lundi à 8 h.; *Les Ternes*, Mardi à 7 h. 1/2; *Faubourg Saint-Antoine*, Samedi à 8 h.

ÉCOLES INDUSTRIELLES.—*Montrouge*, Mercredi à 1 h.; *Les Ternes*, Jeudi à 2 h.; *Gare d'Ivry*, Jeudi à 2 h.

RÉUNION DE PRIÈRES DES COLLABORATEURS.—(Workers' Prayer-Meeting), Vendredi à 5 h., 404 *Rue Saint-Honoré*. Des réunions de prières et des réunions intimes (After-Meetings) se tiennent dans plusieurs salles, à la suite de la réunion ordinaire.

DES RÉUNIONS DES SOCIÉTÉS FRATERNELLES se tiennent dans les salles ci-dessous indiquées :—

*Saint-Honoré, Rivoli, Ornano, Saint-Antoine, Belleville, Rue d'Allemagne, Ménilmontant, Bercy, Ivry, Gros-Caillou, Versailles, Puteaux, Alfortville.*

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### Corsica.

I do not think there is a more curiously shaped country in all Europe, both geographically and otherwise. Of its outward appearance I shall not speak. I shall only say that it is impossible to find in a smaller space a greater variety of scenery, natural wealth, and climate. But its moral and social aspects are most interesting to study. Here are people, Italians by origin, by their language, and their features, and yet who hate Italians and despise them, and glory in their name of Frenchmen, which has been borne so high by their own Buonaparte; people who are at the same time grossly ignorant and wonderfully intelligent; full of liberal ideas and tendencies, and yet in a state of abject slavery to a thousand petty masters, from the curate down to the *garde champêtre*; mixing the practices and superstitions of Roman Catholicism with some of the boldest assertions of Voltairian infidelity; proud and haughty, all of them, as if they were descendants of princes, and yet lazy and miserable for the most part as the Neapolitan *lazzaroni* are said

to be. Corsica is a mixture of Europe and Africa, from whence she has been invaded more than once by the Moors ; of Italy and France ; of mediæval superstition and modern Liberalism ; and that contrast, so strong and so striking, does not merely exist between two parts of the people, but every Corsican has got in himself that wonderful duality.

It is a country where the Gospel ought to be largely preached, for there is no other part of France where, on the whole, the religious tendency is still so strong, and none whose population—260,000—has been so neglected.

Our station in Bastia, established only two years ago, is beginning to bear fruit. The meetings there are attended twice a-week by a congregation of 60 to 100. There are no Protestants in the place, except one or two English families ; it is wholly missionary ground. In my last visit I was struck with the attention, the earnest interest, which reigned in the meetings. I held two of them, two nights in succession, and had 150 hearers each time, and I could not reproduce here all the words of thankfulness and encouragement I gathered at the end. Our devoted evangelist, M. Malan, has had the great joy of forming a small community of new converts, and it was my privilege to administer for the first time the Lord's Supper to them, on the second Sunday of January. It was a solemn though very small meeting. I keenly realised the importance of the occasion : here was, for the first time, the Christian ordinance celebrated in a land of ignorance, cruelty, and oppression—a land which in all probability has been more watered by human blood than any other in the world. The fire was lighted, and who now could quench it? . . . The communicants were ten or twelve in number, and the whole audience was twenty-five, as we had invited only the friendly and well-disposed people to attend. I have heard that since then M. Malan has been able to add a few more to his little flock.

Short as the story of this mission is, we can already speak of a triumphant death-bed. A young girl of twenty-two had been converted only a few months before she fell very ill. The testimony she gave before her family has led subsequently to the conversion of two of her sisters ; and the neighbours, the doctor himself, every one who approached her, were struck with the reality and joy of her faith. Such was the impression

produced on the population at large, that the curate of the largest parish, an old priest who has lately been made a *Monsignore* by Pope Leo XIII., thought it his duty to warn his parishioners against us, in two pamphlets which he distributed widely, and which contained ridiculous accusations, such as this : The Protestants have bought two consciences for the sum of 1500 francs, somewhere in the interior !

R. S.

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### Algiers.

Our conferences continue to be held five times a-week at Alger and at Agha. The audience in one of our halls is small, but very persistent ; while in town, curiosity attracts always a considerable number of new comers, who, oddly enough, remain to the close of the meeting, but do not re-appear at the next. At Agha, there is still a strong feeling against us, and a marked distrust among the people of religion on the one side, and on the other—among the clerical party—of the Gospel. Evidently, this is a particularly bad district—as, indeed, the mayor and the rioters glory in saying. Free-thought—or, one should rather say, Materialism—reigns there triumphantly, and *enterrements civils* are the rule. The votaries of irreligion boast of the number of these, and even go the length of offering to pay the expenses of a funeral for a poor family, on the condition that no priest be invited.

I have nowhere seen such advanced ideas so popularised and worked out as here. A sort of philosophy put into proverbs and sententious phrases circulates very widely, and ferments to such an extent among the workmen that they have formed two rival societies, of which one calls itself the “Free-Thought Society,” while the other contends that to be consistent it should be called the “Society of Materialistic Atheism.” Certain Materialists instituted a process against the Free-Thought Society, and gained it ; but the same evening, as I was leaving one of our troubled meetings, I heard a passer-by exclaim : “Wretched Materialists ! I would not be the slave of matter ; I wish to be free !”

People are so suspicious, that when in the course of some lectures on Morals which I delivered, I pronounced the name of Jesus, some of my audience took their hats and walked

out, although they listened with perfect attention so long as I spoke only of conscience, of duty, and of the virtues.

Even among the soldiers—although, of course, they come from France—the truth finds little access; and yet many come to our meetings regularly, and tell us that in such and such a town they have already been present at meetings like ours. The library for soldiers which we have begun, and to which the Toulouse Société des Livres Religieux has made a considerable grant of books, gives them great pleasure.

One thing certain is, that every one is surprised to see a hall open every evening, and to hear the hymns that we sing in it, for, owing to the lie of the town, the upper part overhears what is sung in the lower. The newspapers have ceased to speak about us; but the “Friendly Letters” which we print and distribute in the neighbourhood of our halls may overturn certain prejudices, and, we hope, by the blessing of God, produce Christian conviction in some hearts.

A. DE R.



### The Foolishness of Preaching.

“That’s very pretty what you tell us,” said one of my regular hearers at La Guillotière to me one day; “and I tell you what, what you read to us to-day is sublime (it was a portion of the Sermon on the Mount), only why do you always speak to us about sin? I’ve nothing on my conscience. I work all day long for my wife and my children; I never go on the spree; and, when my day’s work is done, I come here to rest myself and listen to you.”

I tried, but in vain, to convince him of sin. Three months afterwards, the same man said to me, “I am come to bid you good-bye.”

“What! Are you leaving town?”

“No; but I shan’t come back again. I used to be happy and contented; now I am uncomfortable, dissatisfied with myself. I see evil about me everywhere. It is what you say that has made me unhappy. I shan’t come back again.”

I trembled with joy, and tried, but in vain, to show him that this very discomfort of which he complained was a grace of God. I repeated to him the parable of the publican who went home *justified* after having said, “God be merciful to me a

sinner." The man shrugged his shoulders. Still he promised to come back, and he did.

A few months later, the same man said to me one Sunday evening as he gave me his hand, "I have spent a delightful day to-day."

"Indeed! How was that?"

"I spent the whole afternoon reading the Bible."

"Well, certainly that was a delightful day."

"Yes; and I was both sad and happy. Happy to find God so good; sad to find myself so unworthy of His goodness."

Such is the fruit of our meetings. This man transformed little by little. Is this man's work? No; it is God's. We are earthen vessels; but in these vessels is a treasure, the word of grace, the word of God. To-day, as always, the word is a sword which pierces the heart and subdues it. I never could convince a man of sin, and so I never reason now about it. I open the Holy Scriptures; it is they who speak and who persuade.

I was visiting recently a woman seriously ill, whom I had known in a state of utter despair. She had decided to put an end to her life, when chance (?) brought her into a meeting at La Croix Rousse. Slowly, gradually, light broke upon her soul. She said to me, "I was in a deep abyss, as though at the bottom of a black well. In listening to you, I felt as though you were drawing me out, and now I see the light."

Another, the sister of this one, in ill-health, also said to me: "How happy I am! You see I live quite alone, and yet I am never alone; my little room is full of God."

Only yesterday I was called to see a woman ill of inflammation of the lungs. Coming home late from the wash-house, worn out with fatigue, and soaked through and through, she had just time to run to the meeting, without changing her clothes or taking anything to eat, and had fallen ill in consequence. "Oh! Sir," she said, as though to excuse herself; "it is my only pleasure!"

Dear, simple workmen, ignorant, often deceived, but upright and sincere, they offer to the evangelist who loves them a soil prepared to receive the good seed. And if a portion, a large portion even, of the seed we scatter falls upon a hardened way-side or among thorns, facts such as those which I have just adduced, chosen from among many others, comfort the heart and restore the courage.

A. D. (*Lyon*s).



## Mission Music.

[The subjoined remarks, whose signature will win for them the respectful attention of every reader, are copied from the second number of the *American McAll Record*—that for January, 1884—which we are happy to be able to present in this way to the inhabitants of the “old country.” Its editor is the Rev. L. T. Chamberlain, D.D., of Brooklyn, an old and tried friend of the Mission; and its proprietors are the directors of the American McAll Association. Of its first number 20,000 copies were printed, and not found too many, though about a fourth of that number meets our own more modest requirements. Any one wishing a copy is requested to apply to Mrs. William Bucknell, 1631 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa., U.S.A.—ED.]

“Our hymns do much instrumentally. Alike welcome to Catholic and Protestant (thank God, ‘His Church is one in its song!’) some of these unpretending compositions find universal acceptance: notably, ‘*Redites-moi l’histoire de l’amour de Jésus*’—‘Tell me the Old, Old Story’), which was taken in 1878—year of the last Exhibition here—straight from our meetings to the Haute Savoie by a schoolmaster, that he might teach it to his pupils. The other day I heard—I cannot now state the exact source—of a ‘sister’ who was so delighted, on hearing a little child sing it, that she set about teaching it to the little ones in her charge. Is it true that the grotesque and the tender sometimes nearly touch? I think so, when I recall, at this instant, a poor, little old couple, withered and decrepit, but faithful followers of our ‘east-end’ meetings for years. I found out one day that they go, and with their weak, cracked voices, sing our *cantiques* in the court-yards. They have a regular round, they say. And they get a few sous for it. We hear of these hymns and tunes going everywhere; children in the streets, young men, coming from a meeting in the country, singing along the road as they return at night.

“Some years since, a family strolling, one Sunday evening, past the old Ornano Station, was invited to enter the hall. ‘*Venez, cœurs souffrants et meurtris,*’ was being sung. They accepted both invitations,—that to enter the hall, and that of the sweet hymn,—and found peace to their souls. We were opening a *salle* at Roubaix in the north of France, some years

since, when my husband noticed a very important-looking individual, who as a hymn-book was offered him upon entering, magnificently declined the offer. Presently, as the hymn was being sung, he began to look about him, and even to peep over the shoulder of his neighbour, who was holding up his book and singing heartily. Finally our majestic friend condescended to ask for a hymn-book for himself! Needless to say, this was given, and the next thing we saw was our friend trying hard to sing with the rest. Not many weeks ago a gentleman entered the '*Salle Philadelphie*' as we were singing the last verse of the last hymn. As he passed out, he bought a hymn-book, and paid willingly three times its price that two copies might thus be given to poor people.

"Our music is eclectic enough. We have provision for all tastes. Some flowers in this garden come from America; others from Germany, where they have been blooming ever since Luther's time; some, again, of decidedly Latin origin, from the old mossy Gregorian garden; still others from dear old English ground, tiny sprays from Purcell and Tallis, with a few good old Psalm-tunes of our eighteenth century writers; and so down to the charming modern school of Dykes, Smart, Gauntlett, Monk, Sullivan. Nor ought I to forget some of the charming old Huguenot music. It is a holy marriage of godly words and saintly music. We seek always that our music shall have 'wings,' as George Herbert quaintly says. All church music should have wings. Alas, that so often it suggests the tramp of some ponderous beast rather than the *élan* of the creatures of the air! May such never become the music of the *Réunions Populaires*.

"Pray for us unceasingly that the 'grace profitable to direct' may be given to my dear husband, and to his associates, that so the kingdom may continue to come, until the knowledge of the Lord shall cover this fair land, 'as the waters cover the sea'!

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"ELIZA McALL."

### The Lost Purse.

One evening, early in January of this year, a lady with two children might have been seen strolling dejectedly along the Rue St. Honoré. The lady belonged to a good Russian family, had lost her husband some eight years previously, and had been passing the early part of the winter at Nice, on account of her

son's health. That object accomplished, she was hastening back to St. Petersburg, intending to remain only a few hours in Paris, as her means were somewhat limited; but, on reaching the hotel, she had discovered, to her extreme annoyance, that her purse had been stolen *en route*, and that her stay in Paris must perforce be prolonged till further remittances reached her from Russia. Partly to amuse the children, partly to drown her own cares, she had left her hotel, and was wandering slowly down towards the Madeleine, when the sound of music coming through an open door arrested them. "A concert, mother," cried the children; "oh, do let us go in!" She was on the point of refusing, believing that it was, indeed, a concert, and that the few centimes she had in her purse would not suffice to pay the entry, when she heard the man at the door say to a workman, "Come in, you have nothing to pay!" The workman passed on, unheeding, but the lady and her children entered. What they heard interested and astonished all three alike; and, on leaving the hall, the mother said to the lady who was giving tracts at the door, "I never in all my life heard anything like this. In Russia no one ever told me such good news. I shall come back every evening." And she did so; procured a Bible and other books from our little lending library, and studied them carefully, with her children. Especially was she touched by the prayers of the Christian lady who visited her; and so rapid was her progress that when, on the eve of her departure for St. Petersburg, her friend asked her, "Do you believe that if an accident happened on the journey, and death suddenly laid his hand on you, you would be taken to heaven?" she was able to answer, "If for that it is enough to believe on Jesus Christ, to confess one's sins, and to ask His pardon, to love Him, and to try to serve Him,—yes; I believe that I am saved." From St. Petersburg, where we had the pleasure of introducing her to some Christian friends, she writes gratefully, telling of the persecution to which she is exposed on the part of her relations; but adding, "I have hope in God and in the Lord Jesus Christ, to whom I have given my heart, that I shall never be forsaken."

Nor will she; for He who brought her to Himself by such a strange road, still abideth faithful. He cannot deny Himself.

C. E. G.